

It is clear that the thought of the composer would merely express the word *piccina*, which

sounds as graceful as it is irreplaceable, since it denotes the thing as it is, with which everything in the music harmonizes, both the short broken tattle of the voice-part, and the saucy grace of the little orchestral figure; for you plainly hear that the violin in its way also says: *la piccina!*—*la piccina!* But how will any one translate *la piccina*, *la piccina*, *la piccina*, *la piccina*? Will you say: "and the small one," or "but the small one?" That would sound very badly. But something had to be given for it, and so the German or English translator helped himself out in the least awkward way he could.

This example, like a thousand others, proves that there are cases, in which the music and the words make one, and if you take away the euphonious, characteristic and imitative word, to which the composer has fitted the music, it is as much as to destroy the latter.

MOZART, who understood this matter, in the Italian librettos, which he had to compose, made no alterations in the words of the *opera buffa*. He saw perfectly, that what was faulty in tragic composition (we mean the forms and taste peculiar to the country) was necessary in a kind based upon the Italian nationality, whose chief merit consists in reproducing the most original traits of that nationality in the drollest manner.

The *opera buffa* cannot be compared with the French comic opera. Although the names are alike, the things themselves are opposite. The comic opera confers the most unquestionable glory on the musical France of our century. It is so graceful that it gives equal satisfaction to literati and musicians; and all the masters, who have made this kind famous, or who have been made famous by it, are Frenchmen: MENTEL, D'ALAYRAC, ISOUARD, BOIELDIEU and AUBER. Their operas are more or less ingenious or intellectual comedies; the music is national, and for both these reasons one runs no risk of confounding them with the Italian pieces and scores. Works like *Il Matrimonio segreto*, *Il Turco in Italia*, *L'Italiana in Algeri*, can entertain and interest the lovers of music even without words. But the French pieces would lose too much under these circumstances; on the other hand the comic opera is infinitely more easy to translate than the *opera buffa*, and is easier to play or to sing in a translation. There is no great difficulty in translating a French or German text into another language, at least so far as it is important for the music.

After the survey which we have taken of the fourth epoch of musical art, that namely of the development of Melody in theatrical composition, there yet remains one remark to the completion of our cursory account. Here also Art went on as in the epochs that preceded, following a course, which, in spite of its manifest departure from the true course, was prescribed to it by the natural and logical succession of its steps of progress. We have seen Counterpoint grow up in the lapse of two centuries, and as it became more perfect, still became more irreconcilable with its original destination. In no other way could Melody develop itself and put forth such shining blossoms, but by producing superabundant foliage, which soon covered up the ground consecrated to its culture, namely the dramatic stage, which it should have embellished and not have masked. But it could not have proceeded otherwise. If the contrapuntists of the fifteenth and the melo-

dist of the first half of the eighteenth century had thought much about the application of their Art, the former to church music and the latter to the theatre, this preconceived intention would have withdrawn them from the problem, to which the most pressing necessities of their time called them. With the materials at their disposal, they were poorly qualified to furnish edification in the church, or to express the passions powerfully upon the stage. First of all they had to begin with conquering materials in sufficient quantity, with perfecting the elements of the Art, enriching it with new forms and combinations, and fashioning them to such a point of culture, that they should be fit for use. This was and had to be the problem of the old contrapuntists and melodists. The application fell to the lot of their successors. The labors of our forefathers were necessary, but they were only preparatory and had to fall away before the final results, as the scaffolding before the completed monument, which it had helped to build. After the Flemish school had fulfilled its destiny, in producing PALESTRINA, it died; after the old Italian Melody had given birth to that whose germ it bore within itself, GLUCK and MOZART, it followed the old Belgian Counterpoint into the grave. We might say here, perhaps, that it was gathered to its fathers, in so far as Melody descended in a direct line from Counterpoint.—But let us misuse no rhetorical figures. All things change, but nothing in the world ever dies. So far from dying, the melody of the eighteenth century rather became regenerated. The schools of Italy, especially that of Naples, had created a multitude of vocal forms or turns, which, soon becoming the common property of the Art, with some modifications introduced by differences of national taste, still remain the basis of our operatic song; as, according to the remark of Kiesewetter, the most modern music generally remains always Neapolitan music. Less happy turns, superfluous phrases, terminations which soon grew antiquated, common-places used with the most lavish abundance, in a word routine mingled itself more or less with such great riches. It had to be left to time and genius, to separate the wheat from the chaff. GLUCK began this work of purification, but perhaps he went too far in the designs, to which he subjected dramatic melody. This was destined first to shine out in all its majesty, and freed from all foreign ingredients, in the scores of the universal reformer of the Art.

[To be continued.]

Sontag and Jenny Lind Compared.

BY C. BASSINI.

Sontag was almost at the end of her career when Jenny Lind was at the height of her glory. These two celebrated singers were alike gifted with fine soprano voices, and both were born in a classic land of song. Sontag was also the immediate successor of Jenny Lind in this land of enthusiasm for all that is new and great.

Not belonging to the former generation of her admirers, (for Sontag combined the homage of two generations,) we must pronounce upon her from what she was when we heard her in 1852. Everybody knows that in 1825 she was the greatest singer of her time, and that Malibran herself strove with her for the palm of song; and not always with victory.

SONTAG.

Voice.—Sontag had preserved her voice very well; it had lost something of its original fullness,

but was equal, in its entire extension, and beautifully and legitimately developed.

Compass and Register.—A soprano, the medium and head tones were full and brilliant, whilst her chest tones were very weak. We never heard her go higher in the latter register than E, always taking the medium voice above this, even in ascending gamut.

Tone-Stroke.—An excellent and admirably full tone-stroke; from which it was easy to perceive, that her musical education was remarkably finished, and that she was perfect mistress of the play of the glottis.

Messa di Voce, or Propulsion of Tone.—To obtain perfect accuracy in the *mesa di voce*, all depends upon the manner of attacking the tone. It must be accomplished with a perfect glottis stroke. Then, and then only, the tone comes forth true and pure, without any visible effort on the part of the lungs and with all necessary economy of breath. Madame Sontag was perfect on this point.

Vocalization.—In vocalization she was in truth most admirable—as, in our day, but few are taught to be. No singer was ever superior to her in the art of vocalizing; not even Damoreau Cinti; none ever possessed a more inimitable lightness, strength and precision. Time, which lays a heavy hand on all things, had not spared even this fair songstress, but had loosed some of the chords that dis-coursed such sweet music. Sontag no longer vocalized with the same facility on the vowel *ah*, as on *a*, *e*! Her trill was true and clear, but not well defined.

Toni Flautati, (or Echo Sounds).—Sontag made frequent and judicious use of these embellishments, now, unfortunately, so much neglected.

Forte-Piano, Mezzo-Piano, Mezza-Voce.—The forte was always the result of great effort on the part of Madame Sontag, as could be seen by the diagonal position of her mouth when attempting it; whilst the piano was always well done, and produced a fine effect. A point in which she excelled, however, was the *mezzo-piano*. She never made use of the *mezza-voce*. The difference between these two is, that the *mezzo-piano* is sung with full volume of tone but with less intensity; whilst the *mezza-voce* is sung with less volume, but with full intensity.

Timbres, Clear and Sombre.—The distinction between the various timbres had become nearly undistinguishable with Mme. Sontag; and the clear voice predominated entirely. She sometimes attempted the *sombre*, but seldom with advantage.

Phrasing.—A complete and irreproachable mechanism is necessary in order to phrase well; and therefore Mme. Sontag was possessed of the material necessary for perfect phrasing; but, as under this head we include not only *forte-piano*, ornament and expression, but also pronunciation, Mme. Sontag was faulty in this particular; she did not pronounce distinctly, and was not mistress of her respiration, which faults were forgiven her on account of her superiority as an artist, and the eminent degree to which she possessed the other three departments in phrasing.

An Artist.—Mme. Sontag was an artist in the highest sense. Everything in her singing was artistically calculated; her cadence, her ornament, her melodies—all were the result of thorough and artistic musical knowledge, particularly of the art of singing.

Passion: Poetry.—If now we attempt to speak of the highest attainment in the art of singing—and in searching for this secret we descend, as we must, into the heart of the singer, we shall find a blemish. Passion and poetic feeling are indispensable gifts to perfection in the art of singing, and more particularly in dramatic song. Here, then, we discover the weak point of this great singer. Mme. Sontag was not wanting in good taste, or in expression; but she lacked the warmth of passion and the elevation of poetry. Her soul remained cold and unmoved. Her feeling seemed the effect of art and study and external incentives; but passion slept within her, nor came at the call of her voice. It was, if I may be excused the word, the coquetry of feeling; but a coquetry in perfect taste—a most aristocratic coquetry,

that never missed its aim, that pleased every one, and passed with many for the true passion and poetry of the soul.

JENNY LIND.

Jenny Lind I think myself fortunate for having seen and heard in London, in the zenith of her glory.

Voice.—Jenny Lind possesses a voice full, rich and sympathetic in tone, equal throughout its entire extension, and tolerably well developed.

Compass and Register.—A soprano, her chest notes are excellent and extend with ease to G. The medium notes are of a tolerably good quality, but weak below G; whilst the head tones carry off the palm from the two other registers in fulness and purity.

Tone-stroke.—This great desideratum in singing is one of the beauties of Jenny Lind. She invariably strikes the tone with the true stroke of the glottis; which gives purity and fulness to her voice.

Messa di Voce.—Being perfect mistress of the stroke of the glottis, she ever performs this according to perfect rules of art.

Vocalization: (trill, etc.)—Vocalization is not perfect with Jenny Lind. Though not faulty in the mechanism of vocalizing, she sins against good taste. She frequently employs passage entirely opposed to the character of the music, and not in keeping with the sentiment of the melody: as in the air from *Somnambula*, where she makes two changes, in order to introduce new passages; and each time with very bad and false effects. Her descending chromatic scales are irreproachable, and her trill well defined and true.

Toni Flautati (Echo Sounds).—The use of these sounds has become proverbial with mind: in fact, it is not simply the *flautati* sounds, known as such in the art of singing, that she employs. For, instead of several consecutive sounds, one echoing the other with rapidity, according to the usual mode, she gives them at intervals, which is far from being the same thing. But her voice, her throat, and the suppleness of her pharynx, permit her to make those magnificent echoes, which in part establish her great reputation.

Forte-Piano, Mezzo-Piano, Mezza-Voce.—It is particularly in the *forte* that the full beauty of this magnificent voice is to be discovered, for here it is never at fault, and always in its full perfection. She is not skilful in the use of the *mezzo-piano*, but is eminently so in the *mezza-voce*, which she employs very often.

Clear and Sombre Timbre.—The two timbres are very well defined. Jenny Lind attains very fine effect in the use of the *sombre* voice.

Phrasing.—It was easy for any one who has had the opportunity of listening to great singers, to decide that Jenny Lind cannot musically create—so to speak. Intelligence and a beautiful voice were the gifts of God to her: but the sacred fire that creates, and the severe study that takes the place, in a measure, of this inborn genius, are in neither case possessed by her. And in her singing, one can recognize the hand of every body. She lacks unity. There does not reign throughout her style a principle, a school, rigid in its laws as truth itself. For example, she sings divinely the *Air de Campo de Silesia*, by Meyerbeer; but she sings and phrases only tolerably *Casta Diva*, by Bellini. In the art of phrasing is included embellishment; and Jenny Lind introduces these often without distinction; violating both the rules of art and of sentiment.

As Artist.—Jenny Lind, despite her Northern nature, is an *artiste*; and if it be denied, that she is one by science, it cannot be said that she is not one by nature.

Passion—Poetry.—Jenny Lind, without possessing these in the highest degree, lacks neither the one nor the other; for we have seen her moved to the very soul by the passion of her song; and often the tone that thrilled through the listener took its vibration from the movement of her own heart, stirred by the waves of passionate and poetic feeling. It is thus that I judge Jenny Lind. She is now losing much of the fulness of tone, which was the great beauty of her voice. A Vienna correspondent of the last number of the *France Musicale* also announces the same thing.

Nothing now remains but to draw a definite comparison between these two celebrities; and I would say, that in *artistic accomplishments, vocalization, phrasing, embellishment*, Sontag was vastly the superior of Jenny Lind—while in *natural gifts, as voice, passion, spontaneity*, Jenny Lind stood in advance of Sontag.

I here judge them as singers only. If we speak of them as actresses, Jenny Lind was far inferior to Henrietta Sontag.—*Musical Times.*

A Magic Concert.

FROM SPENSER.

Elsewhere they heard a most melodious sound

Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,

Such as, at once, might not, on living ground,

Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:

Right hard it was, for wight which did it hear,

To read what manner music that mote be;

For all that pleasing is to living ear,

Was there consorted in one harmony;

Birds, voices, instruments, wind, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,

Their notes unto the voice attuned sweet:

Th' angelic, soft, trembling voices made

To th' instruments divine responsiveness meet;

The silver-sounding instruments did meet

With the base murmur of the waters' fall;

The waters' fall, with difference discreet,

Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;

The gentle, warbling wind low answered to all.

Signor Pozzolini.

From a memoir of Signor Pozzolini, published on his arrival here, we extract the following interesting particulars of his career:

Signor Pozzolini was born at Florence, in the year 1824. Being intended for a liberal profession, he entered a college in that city, pursuing the study of Philosophy, Mathematics, and the "Belles Lettres," until he arrived at the age of eighteen, when he prepared to remove to the University of Pisa, to continue his studies, particularly that of Medicine, for which Signor Pozzolini had evinced a strong inclination.

How true it is that chance, with but few exceptions, dictates the choice of a profession. We can scarcely take up any biography without discovering that the subject of the memoir had resigned the profession for which he was originally intended, and adopted some other more consonant with his feelings, which "chance" rather than design threw in his way, whilst in our own every-day experience we are constantly meeting with similar instances, of a total change in the views of those just entering on a life of the busy world. Thus it was with Signor Pozzolini; "chance" converted the quiet scholar and ardent student of medicine, into an equally ardent lyric artist. Young Pozzolini, like all educated Italians, was a frequent attendant at the opera, where, hearing the works of the great masters, he imbibed a refined taste for music. At this time the celebrated Italian tenor Moriani, was the operatic star, and numbered among his greatest admirers our young student, who beguiled his leisure hours by singing over for his own amusement the choice morceaux of his favorite artist. On one of these occasions he was (unconsciously to himself) heard by a celebrated musical professor, who, struck with his naturally fine, though uncultivated voice, at once advised him to resign medicine and mathematics, and without delay commence the study of music. Fortunately young Pozzolini listened attentively to the proffered friendly advice; the chord of sympathy in his breast was struck, and from that hour the tenor of the student's life was changed, "sweet sounds" took the place of hard words and dry details, and he became as ardent a devotee of Apollo as ever he had been of Esculapius.

Pozzolini became a pupil of the Conservatoire at Florence, where he had the advantage of studying under its celebrated director, Gherini. In the course of two years he had attained such pro-

ficiency that his debut was determined on without further delay. Donizetti's charming opera *L'Elisir d'Amore* was selected for the occasion. Pozzolini's success was complete. Both his singing and acting were the theme of general admiration. After this highly flattering reception he was engaged at Rome, where he appeared in Rossini's opera of *Italiano in Algeri*, in which he achieved a new triumph. The Roman dilettanti were delighted with his singing; each aria and scena was rewarded with a *double encore*, a high mark of favor to be bestowed by that most critical audience.

From Rome Pozzolini travelled through Italy, visiting in succession the great operatic cities of Milan, Venice, Turin, Genoa, Naples, &c., in company with the prima donnas Tadolini and Frezzolini, with whom the young tenor earned fresh laurels. Thus he continued pursuing his professional career until the commencement of the memorable year 1848, when the whole European continent was shaken by revolutions, and monarchies tottered in every direction. The struggle for liberty had commenced, and that word fired Pozzolini; he at once entered himself as a volunteer, marching under the Tuscan flag, and the command of General de Loger, to the siege of Mantua, where he "fought the good fight" in company with the Piedmontese monarch Charles Albert.

After the defeat of his noble corps, which generously sacrificed itself to cover the retreat of the Piedmontese army, he returned sorrowfully homewards, his heart aching for his bleeding country, which he now determined on quitting forever, gladly accepting an engagement at the theatre of Copenhagen. Thence he travelled into Russia, and was engaged for the winter at the Imperial Theatre in Moscow, where his success was so great that it attracted the attention of the directors of the Royal Opera of St. Petersburg, who at once proffered him an engagement. Here, too, he found equal favor in the eyes of the Emperor, the Court and the public, although he had to sing in company with such distinguished artists as Mesdames Grisi, Persiani, Signori Tamburini, Ronconi, &c.

On the termination of his St. Petersburg engagement, Signor Pozzolini visited Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, &c., and he sang in all the great cities of Germany with Persiani, Tamburini, and Rossi. It was immediately subsequent to his successful appearances in Berlin and Dresden that Madame Sontag's attention was directed to the young and promising tenor singer. She was then on the eve of making arrangements to visit America, and being pleased with his voice and style of singing, she felt a desire to include him among her professional assistants; but he was already engaged for a winter season in Paris, and a spring one in Vienna. Pozzolini, however, who had traversed Europe from end to end, longed to see that new and other world of which he had heard and read, and when definite offers of encouragement were made to him to accompany so renowned an *artiste* as Madame Sontag on her visit, he at once decided on accepting them, and fortunately was able to obtain a release from the engagements he had previously made.

Signor Pozzolini was but moderately successful on his first appearance before an American audience, but in the last season he distinguished himself, and when he departed for Mexico was an unquestionable favorite. His melancholy death will be regretted by a large circle of friends. He was a superior man in every intellectual and moral sense. Society as well as Art will mourn his untimely end.

* HOW TO MAKE DEAF PERSONS HEAR THE PIANOFORTE.—The instrument should be opened, and a rod of deal wood provided about half an inch thick, three quarters wide, and long enough to reach from the bridge of the sounding board to the mouth of the deaf person. If one end of this rod be made to rest firmly on the bridge, and the other end be held between the teeth, the softest sounds will be distinctly communicated.—*Musical Transcript.*

The Green Room of the Opera.

The third volume of the *Memoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, by the Doctor Veron, have been recently published in Paris. This Doctor Veron is a queer specimen of the modern Frenchman; a Jack of all trades, and it would seem, contrary to the old adage, a master of them all. By turns he has been a doctor of medicine, a Parisian litterateur, editor of an influential political journal, director of the Italian opera, and now appears before the public as the autobiographer of his various career. In the present volume he gives the history of his directorship of the Opera of Paris, giving a good many details of matters behind the scenes, of more or less interest to outside barbarians, and many anecdotes of the various celebrities in the musical world, with whom, during that time, he had to do. We translate his account of the green-room of the singers of the opera:

"The *personnel* of music and that of the dance are kept entirely separate in the theatre of the Opera. These two populations have each their own quarters, and nothing can be more unlike than the green-room of the singers and the green-room of the dancers. I will introduce the reader into these two green-rooms.

"The green-room of the singers, to which you descend by a staircase situated behind the theatre, is very spacious. The ceiling and the panels of this ancient saloon of the hotel Choiseul, are of white and gold. In the centre is a piano, and on either side of the piano numerous benches. Here assemble to sing the artists and choristers, who desire to be heard, in the hope of making engagements. Here too it is that the artists and choruses begin and finish the musical study of the scores of the operas. At the first rehearsals the composer is at the piano, and indicates to the singing masters and to the principal artists the different movements of the *morceaux d'ensemble*. The principal characters study separately, with the maestro, the airs, the duos and trios—all that they have to sing. As soon as one act is deciphered, the rehearsals with quartet commence, under the direction of the leader of the orchestra; all the stringed instruments of the orchestra, the violins, altos, violoncelli and contrabassi come, in succession, to rehearse the accompaniment in quartet. As soon as the whole composition has been learned by the choruses and by the individuals, they commence the general rehearsals in the orchestra. All the singers rehearse seated. During these two or three rehearsals with orchestra, errors in the copies are corrected. The study of an opera is terminated by new rehearsals with quartet, to which is now added a piano to accompany the recitative; and then the action and the *mise en scene* are attended to. Then, at last, with full orchestra, decorations, lights and costumes. All this fatiguing and painful study demands the greatest firmness on the part of the conductor of the orchestra, and the singing masters. Of all composers, M. Meyerbeer brings to rehearsals the most inflexible severity, to the great advantage of the performance, not less than of the artists themselves.

"The singers' green-room presents a calm and tranquil aspect. The ladies of the chorus are compelled to give the closest attention; there is among them neither luxurious flurry nor noisy coquetry. Most of them go to the green room with clogs and umbrellas, and in my time, all

were signalized by the greatest exactness in the performance of their duties and indefatigable attention to my directions. There were among them some very fine voices, and even some *artistes* of great talent employed as chorus singers. I will mention Mesdames Bouvenne, Baron, Sèvres, Proches, among many others. During the performances, when not upon the stage, the choristers have no green room where they can all assemble, but retire into their dressing rooms."

MUSIC.—Channing says, "I am no musician and want a good ear; and yet I am conscious of a power in music, which I want words to describe. It touches chords, reaches depths in the soul, which lie beyond all other influences, extends my consciousness, and has sometimes given me a pleasure which I may have found in nothing else. Nothing in my experience is more mysterious, more inexplicable. And instinct has always led men to transfer it to Heaven, and I suspect the Christian under its power, has often attained to a singular consciousness of his immortality. Facts of this nature make me feel what an infinite mystery our nature is, and how little our books of science reveal it to us."

Music School at Cologne.

[From the London Musical World, June 24.]

The Rheinische Musik-Schule was founded in 1850, and is under the able and intelligent direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller. Its object is to provide musical students, of both sexes, with a thorough education in every branch of the art, under the superintendence of the best masters, and at an unprecedentedly small cost. The course of instruction is thus divided among the following professors:—*Practical Composition, Analysis of Classical Works, Instrumentation*, etc.—Herr Ferdinand Hiller (Director). *Organ*—F. Weber (Sub-director), the well-known conductor of the Kölner Männergesangverein. *Pianoforte*—Herren F. Hartmann and M. Pixis. The former of these is highly esteemed for his skill as a quartet player. The latter is one of the noted family of artists who bear the name of Pixis. *Harmony and Counterpoint*—Herr F. Derckum. *Singing*—Herren C. Reinthaler and E. Kock. The former, besides his talents as professor, is a composer of reputation. *Declamation and Literature*—Herr R. Benedix, the well-known dramatic author.

Instruction is also given on all kinds of wind instruments; and the institution possesses an organ, as well as an extensive library. The pupils have constant opportunities of taking part in concerted music, besides playing at sight, and from score. In addition to the instruction they obtain, they are allowed an *entrée* to the weekly meetings of several musical societies in the town for the practice both of vocal and instrumental music, in whose performances and practice meetings they are at liberty to take a part, when sufficiently advanced. To all the concerts given in Cologne they are also accorded the privilege of a free admission.

Pupils are received in April and October in each year, and the yearly charge made for each is £13. It seems incredible that the institution can maintain itself at so small a charge; but the mystery is solved, when we are informed that its chief support is derived from the liberal contributions of the burghers of Cologne, who, with good reason, look upon music as essential to the well-being of the state. Lodgings for the pupils are provided by the directors in the houses of respectable families, with a guarantee that the yearly expenditure of each need not exceed £50, or, at the most, £60. Living is remarkably cheap in Cologne, and a closer acquaintance with it proves it to be not near such a "stinking" place as the poets, and especially Coleridge, have represented it.

We have been favoured with a prospectus of the Rheinische Musik-Schule, and have good authority for stating that the directors carry out the task they have undertaken with the utmost zeal and efficiency. *Floreat Colonia!*

Griesbach's Oratorio of Daniel.

A new oratorio by J. H. Griesbach, has been performed at Exeter Hall by the Harmonic Society. It is entitled "Daniel," and we give below a sketch of the plot and characters, which we find in the *London News* of July 1.

The subject of this oratorio is precisely the same with that of Handel's *Belshazzar* and Spohr's *Fall of Babylon*.

An effective overture, consisting of a grave movement, followed by a stormy allegro, introduces a lamentation of the captive Hebrews, a melancholy strain, with an interesting accompaniment of violins pizzicati and wind instruments. Daniel (a bass voice) addresses them in a long recitative and air, which, notwithstanding Formes' emphatic declamation, struck us as being somewhat heavy. It is a mistake in oratorio writing to have many long speeches in recitative; the vocal inflections that can be used in them are not many, and when often repeated their effect is monotonous. The chorus of the Hebrews, "Praise be to him," is a chorale of plain and simple harmony. Its effect was grand, and would have been grander, had not the voices been overpowered by the excessive loudness of the band and the organ. The first part ends with the entrance of the Chaldean night guard to the sound of their military instruments, who disperse the Hebrews with contumely. The second part is occupied with the royal banquet, at which the king sees the portentous writing on the wall. It is introduced by a festive march, opening with drums and trumpets, and full of barbaric pomp. The chorus of courtiers, in which there is an ingenious fugato, is simple, broad, and resonant, but perhaps, hardly joyous enough. Belshazzar addresses them in a long recitative which suffered from rather feeble declamation, and an air, which is very pretty but perhaps in rather too familiar a style. A great Babylonian monarch must be grand and lofty, even in his cups. A subsequent air, in which the King asks his favorite Queen to sing a song, is very beautiful, and is embellished by a charming obligato accompaniment on the violoncello. The attempt at musical painting, to describe the terrors inspired by the mysterious handwriting on the wall, is as successful as such attempts usually are. The King utters agitated phrases of recitative, accompanied by the tremulous murmurs and broken chords of the orchestra. The subsequent air, in which the Queen tries to calm his terror, is very sweet and pretty. There is afterwards a beautiful duet between Nitocris, the Queen-Mother, and Belshazzar, which is most deliciously accompanied by the soft wind instruments, the flute, oboe and bassoon. This, we believe, will be found to be quite a gem. There is also a quartet, "Fateful night, tremendous hour," which is admirable, both in the melodies of the different parts, and the manner in which they are blended. The third part is occupied with the irruption of the Persians into the city, and the destruction of Belshazzar and his family. The libretto, in the same manner as in the oratorios of Handel and Spohr, contains scenes of battle, tumult, and death, which could be represented only upon the stage; the music consisting of soliloquies, dialogues and choruses. The work terminates with a grand triumphal chorus of the Hebrews, closing with a powerful fugue.

Music Abroad.

London.

CONCERTS.—THE MUSICAL UNION.—The last concert of the 10th season of this institution, which might be appropriately entitled the Philharmonic Society for Chamber Music, took place on Tuesday, at Willis's Rooms, in presence of a fashionable and crowded audience. The programme included two quartets—Haydn's in G, No. 81, and Mendelssohn's in D, No. 6 (Op. 44)—both fine specimens of the masters. The executants were M. Vieuxtemps, Herr Goffrie, Mr. Hill, and Signor Piatti.

Besides the quartets, M. Vieuxtemps introduced a caprice of his own composition, entitled *Les Arpèges*, with accompaniments for violoncello (Signor Piatti), and piano-forte (Signor Li Calsi), the characteristics of

which may be guessed from the name. This was a marvellous display of execution, in which the most extraordinary difficulties were mastered with surprising facility, the breadth of style, justness of intonation, and grandeur of tone for which M. Vieuxtemps is celebrated being preserved throughout. The applause was enthusiastic. Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" (in C sharp minor—one of the Op. 27 set) was played with exquisite feeling by Mlle. Clauss, who never shines more than in music where deep sentiment and passionate expression are demanded. The same young lady also added to the attractions of the programme a *nocturne* of Chopin, in F sharp, and Liszt's fantasia on *Lucia*, the last of which, although its performance was beyond reproach, is unworthy of her talent.

The concerts of the Musical Union have been more than usually successful this season, and Mr. Ella, their founder and conductor, has displayed both spirit and discretion in their management. His exertions have been of essential benefit to the art, since they have been instrumental in promoting a taste for the highest order of music among the aristocratic and wealthy classes of society. Fifteen years ago the trios, quartets &c., of the great masters were only to be heard in a few private circles, amateur or professional, where the performers (especially amateurs) thought more of their own playing than of the music. At present the case is very different, and large audiences from the *élite* of society meet together fifteen times in the course of the spring and summer seasons, not for the sake of exhibiting their own incapability to each other, but to listen to the finest compositions executed by the most accomplished professional artists—and to listen, moreover, with strict attention and a sincere desire to appreciate.—*Times*.

Beside these the London papers give us programmes and accounts of various concerts by various persons more or less known to fame; but a detail of them would be of no especial interest to our readers. Among them were concerts by Sterndale Bennett (of classical chamber music); by Madame Cornet, assisted by her pupils; Miss Ursula Barclay, whom the *News* calls "a rising young singer; Signor Puzzi, "the popular horn player," who had his annual benefit. The English papers say, "the programme was very enticing, and in the miscellaneous concert Mme. Persiani's name alone was a tower of strength. This celebrated vocalist shines as much off the stage as on it. She is yet one of the most accomplished vocalizers of the day, and though Time has laid his hands upon her, he has done it so lightly that nothing short of determination can find it out. Mme. Persiani sang the favorite cavatina, "Qui la voce," from *I Puritani*; took part with Miss Louisa Pyne in the duet from the *Nozze di Figaro*, "Sull' aria;" and joined Miss Louisa Pyne and Mme. Amadei in the hackneyed trio from the *Matrimonio Segreto*, "Le faccio un inchino." The fair artist surprised her hearers by such daring feats of vocalisation as are seldom even attempted at Drury-lane and not often accomplished on any stage. In the cavatina from *Puritani*, she was applauded to the skies, and recalled with the utmost enthusiasm. After Mme. Persiani's performance, we can select few *morceaux* which are entitled to special considerations."

HER MAJESTY gave a dinner party at Buckingham Palace, and afterwards a concert. The following was the programme:

Overture: (Prometheus).....Beethoven.
Terzetto: 'Souve sia il vento,' Madame Clara Novello, Mademoiselle Nathalie Eschborn, and Signor Belletti. (Cosi fan Tutti).....Mozart.
Aria: 'Io l'udia ne' suoi bei carmi,' Mademoiselle Nathalie Eschborn, (Torquato Tasso).....Donizetti.
Romance: 'Le Chemin du Paradis,' Sig. Gardoni, Blumenthal.
Canzonet: 'The season comes when first we met,'
Madame Clara Novello.....Haydn.
Terzetto: 'Proteggia il giusto cielo,' Madame Clara Novello, Mademoiselle Nathalie Eschborn, and Signor Gardoni, (Il Don Giovanni).....Mozart.
Barcarola: 'Sulla poppa,' Signor Belletti, (La Prigione d'Edimburgo).....Ricci.
Quartet: 'Un di se ben rammentomi,' Madame Clara Novello, Mademoiselle Nathalie Eschborn, Signor Gardoni and Signor Belletti, (Rigoletto).....Verdi.
Mrs. Anderson presided at the Piano-forte.

Other people of less note also gave concerts, among them one Miss Binckes, "a young lady of versatile talent, a pianiste of considerable powers of execution, and a very pleasing and expressive singer."

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Here Lablache is engaged, and Gnecco's opera *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, has been revived, of which the *Times* says that "its charms are almost defunct. The libretto is *fade*, the humor is *fade*, and the music is *fade*."

ST. JAMES' THEATRE—OPERA COMIQUE.—Here the French Company have sung Auber's *La Sirène*, with Marie Cabel for prima donna in the rôle of Zerlina, of which the *News* tells us: "The part of Zerlina, the he-

roine, is merely for display. It cannot be called a character; it has no reality, no nature, and affords no room for good acting. All that the performer can do is to look pretty, move and speak with grace and spirit, and sing brilliantly; and all this Mme. Cabel did in perfection. The music is of the most florid kind, and a good deal of it—the distant sounds of the wandering voice among the mountains—consists of fitful and capricious divisions and passages of execution, vocalised without words. The whole of her pieces are in a similar ornate style, filled with roulades, trills, and closes at the top of the scale, frequently as high as C and D in alt. These things tickle the ear very agreeably; but they are, after all, but the froth of music without the substance."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 29, 1854.

WANTED, at this office, copies of No. 4 of the present volume of the Journal of Music, (April 29, 1854.)

Music in Universities.

In an unusual dearth of musical topics on which to discourse to our readers, we are reminded, by the notice in our last number of the music performed at the Commencement exercises at Cambridge, that one of the objects which the Harvard Musical Association proposed to itself at its foundation, as one way of testifying in appropriate form its gratitude to ALMA MATER, was the foundation, at some future time, of a Musical Professorship. We have often thought of this project, and speculated whether the good time had come when this plan might be carried into effect; and now let us try the efficacy of what Punch calls "thinking aloud," and see what may come of it.

We doubt not that many a worthy alumnus, whose ideas of a college are only that it is a place where one shall learn Latin and Greek, and the Mathematics, will laugh us to scorn, and sniff not a little at the bare idea of the giving of *musical* instruction in such a classic retreat. A degree of Bachelor or Master of Arts, or of Doctor of Medicine or of Laws, he will recognize as fit and proper—but a Bachelor—a Doctor of *Music*!

However, it is no new thing. Two hundred years before our University was founded, JOHN HAMBOIS, at Oxford, received the degree of Doctor in Music, and from that time to this, (and how long before we know not,) the English Universities have conferred academical degrees upon students in Music, to whom they have afforded opportunities of instruction, and whom they have raised to their highest honors, for we find that Thomas Saintwix, Doctor in Music, was made Master of King's College. In those times the degrees were conferred on such candidates as had passed a satisfactory examination, and a knowledge of the writings of Boethius was considered a sufficient test of their learning. At a later date, the candidates for the bachelor's degree were required, instead of this examination, to produce, after devoting a study of seven years to their faculty, evidence

of the fact, and to compose a song in five parts, and have the same performed publicly. The doctors must study five years additional, and compose a song in six or eight parts, and perform it, "tam vocibus quam instrumentis etiam musicis." Such were the requisitions of the statutes of the University of Oxford, but what the course of instruction pursued at the present day may be, we do not know, and have not the means of readily ascertaining.

Some will ask, How will you teach music in American colleges? What would you teach? How far would you go? These questions we ask in the name of such persons, but will not answer, hoping that the suggestions we have made may strike the minds of some who may be prepared to follow out our hints; may perhaps inspire some alumnus, or some association of alumni, to do something towards the endowing such a foundation; may draw out the best plans on which the labors of such a chair should be conducted.

It is not a new thing. Music has been successfully introduced into our public common schools, with the approval of all. Why not then, into our higher seats of learning? It has been done already, we believe, at New Haven, or at least contemplated, and steps taken towards the fulfilment of the design, in Yale College; and perhaps some of our readers there, or our friend Willis, who should know all about it, may give that information concerning the matter, which we cannot at this moment obtain.

Precisely *what* we would do, or *how* exactly we would have it done, we are not now prepared to state. A system, however, could be easily devised, which should be useful, practical and practicable. We would not, for example, make *Boethius* a required study. We would have a system adapted to the times, circumstances and place in which we live, so widely different from those of the old catechumen in Boethius, so different still from those of the students in the English and German universities of the present day—a system adapted to the wants and position of the older student, as the rudimentary instruction imparted in our common schools is to those of the children whom they contain.

As to the *means* of doing it, we are reminded of the recent bequest of a lady to the College, said to be devoted to founding "a professorship of the heart," about which the journals of the day have made themselves quite merry. And it occurs to us that the Corporation might perhaps deviate not very far from the purposes of the founder, in turning the bequest to such a purpose as we have indicated in this article.

THE BOSTON THEATRE is progressing rapidly towards completion. A broad passageway to Washington Street has been cut through the Melodeon, and is intended to serve as an entrance both to the Theatre and to the Melodeon, and the workmen are now occupied in

putting up a front of brown freestone and iron, on Washington Street. The arrangements of the interior of the building are spacious, elegant and comfortable, beyond anything that we have ever had in this city.

WATER-MUSIC.—A correspondent, writing from Wesselhoeft's Water Cure establishment, informs us of an additional attraction to that favorite resort of invalids, in the engagement of four persons to perform, during the season, duos, trios and quartets. At the head of them is RIHA, of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. "Last Saturday was the first concert of the season; our programme was made up of an excellent variety. Riha played 'Sounds from Home,' a Concerto from De Beriot, and a duo with violoncello." What more can invalids desire than such good music in such a delightful place?

New Publications.

Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands. By Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Author of Uncle Tom's Cabin, &c. In two volumes. Boston; Phillips, Sampson & Company.

Because Mrs. Stowe had written the most remarkable romance of our time, we did not therefore expect her to write the most remarkable book of travels; or imagine that the author of "Uncle Tom" could succeed better than a hundred others who have preceded her in giving new views of the old subject of foreign travel, or in imparting a new interest to the scenes visited and described a thousand times before. We expected nothing of this, so we are not disappointed. But if Mrs. Stowe has done nothing of this sort, she has at least given us one of the freshest and most readable books of foreign travel that we have had from any one. Every new tourist gives us something new—something peculiar to himself—something, as seen from his own point of view; and from a lady of Mrs. Stowe's keen powers of observation and unusual felicity of description we get a larger proportion of new ideas than from common tourists. The genial good nature which pervades the book is one of its most pleasing characteristics, so obvious, indeed, that the author apologises, in her preface, for the *couleur de rose* which casts so pleasant a tinge over the whole. No wonder that it is so. How could a kind, whole-hearted woman, meeting a reception in a foreign land such as no woman ever met before, excited with public ovations and private kindness and hospitality, fail to carry away and record any but the very sunniest memories of such a tour? Yet is there no fawning, no toadying, no flattery. She gives us the honest impressions of a simple, unsophisticated New England matron, of strong intellect, acute observation, and high natural refinement. She seems almost like a bright school girl, wild with excitement and pleasure, let loose among the scenes with which her mind has been long familiar; and at every turn, in England and Scotland, some spring of memory is touched, and Burns and Scott rise spontaneously to her lips, to illustrate almost every spot that she passes over.

Her opportunities of seeing the highest society in England in ordinary domestic life, were unusual, and she records her recollections simply and in a manner to give offence to none.

Her criticisms of Art are always independent, sometimes striking. She will like and dislike as she pleases, and she will cry where guide books

and connoisseurs assure her that she should only laugh and ridicule. So that her remarks on art are quite unique, though frequently her views are subsequently modified not a little by a larger experience.

The cause of suffering humanity seems ever present to her philanthropic heart, abroad, not less than at home; and neither the splendors of lordly castles, nor the kindly welcome with which she was received into the highest circles, affect her judgment or the free expression of her opinion respecting the great social evils existing close beneath their shadow.

She sometimes makes a strange blunder: as, when speaking of being introduced to Lushington, the eminent Admiralty Judge, she states that, by reason of our institutions this department of the law is unknown in America! Did Mrs. Stowe ever hear of Judge Story? We give below a few extracts on matters germane to the objects of our Journal.

MISS GREENFIELD, THE "BLACK SWAN."

May 6. A good many calls this morning. Among others came Miss Greenfield, the (so called) Black Swan. She appears to be a gentle, amiable, and interesting young person. She was born the slave of a kind mistress, who gave her every thing but education, and, dying, left her free with a little property. The property she lost by some legal quibble, but had, like others of her race, a passion for music, and could sing and play by ear. A young lady, discovering her taste, gave her a few lessons. She has a most astonishing voice. C. sat down to the piano and played while she sung. Her voice runs through a compass of three octaves and a fourth. This is four notes more than Malibran's. She sings a most magnificent tenor, with such a breadth and volume of sound that, with your back turned, you could not imagine it to be a woman. While she was there, Mrs. S. C. Hall, of the Irish Sketches, was announced. She is a tall, well-proportioned woman, with a fine color, dark-brown hair, and a cheerful, cordial manner. She brought with her her only daughter, a young girl about fifteen. I told her of Miss Greenfield, and she took great interest in her, and requested her to sing something for her. C. played the accompaniment, and she sang Old Folks at Home, first in a soprano voice, and then in a tenor or baritone. Mrs. Hall was amazed and delighted, and entered at once into her cause. She said that she would call with me and present her to Sir George Smart, who is at the head of the queen's musical establishment, and, of course, the acknowledged leader of London musical judgment.

"In the course of the day I had a note from Mrs. Hall, saying that, as Sir George Smart was about leaving town, she had not waited for me, but had taken Miss Greenfield to him herself. She writes that he was really astonished and charmed at the wonderful weight, compass, and power of her voice. He was also as well pleased with the mind in her singing, and her quickness in doing and catching all that he told her. Should she have a public opportunity to perform, he offered to hear her rehearse beforehand. Mrs. Hall says this is a great deal for him, whose hours are all marked with gold."

CLAUDE.

Then a small room devoted to the Spanish and Italian schools, containing pictures by Murillo and Velasquez. Then the French hall, where were two magnificent Claudes, the finest I had yet seen. They were covered with glass, (a bad arrangement,) which rendered one of them almost unseeable. I studied these long, with much interest. The combinations were poetical, the foregrounds minutely finished, even to the painting of flowers, and the fine invisible veil of ether that covers the natural landscape given as I have never before seen it. The peculiarity of these pieces is, that they are painted in green—a most common arrangement in God's landscapes, but very uncommon in those of great masters. Painters give us trees and grounds, brown, yellow, red, chocolate, any color, in short, but green. The reason of this is, that green is an exceedingly difficult color to manage. I have seen, sometimes, in spring, set against a deep-blue sky, an array of greens, from lightest yellow to deepest blue of the pines, tipped and glittering with the afternoon's sun, yet so swathed in some invisible, harmonizing medium,

that the strong contrasts of color jarred upon no sense. All seemed to be bound by the invisible cestus of some celestial Venus. Yet what painter would dare attempt the same? Herein lies the particular triumph of Claude. It is said that he took his brush and canvas into the fields, and there studied, hour after hour, into the mysteries of that airy medium which lies between the eye and the landscape, as also between the foreground and the background. Hence he, more than others, succeeds in giving the green landscape and the blue sky the same effect that God gives them. If, then, other artists would attain a like result, let them not copy Claude, but Claude's Master. Would that our American artists would remember that God's pictures are nearer than Italy. To them it might be said, (as to the Christian.) "The Word is nigh thee." When we shall see a New England artist, with his easel, in the fields, seeking, hour after hour, to reproduce on the canvas the magnificent glories of an elm, with its firmament of boughs and branches,—when he has learned that there is in it what is worth a thousand Claudes—then the morning star of art will have risen on our hills. God send us an artist with a heart to reverence his own native mountains and fields, and to veil his face in awe when the great Master walks before his cottage door. When shall arise the artist whose inspiration shall be in prayer and in communion with God?—whose eye, unsealed to behold his beauty in the natural world, shall offer up, on canvas, landscapes which shall be hymns and ascriptions?

CORREGGIO.

"What was in this man's head when he painted this representation of the hour when his Maker was made flesh that he might redeem a world? Nothing but *chiaro-scuro* and foreshortening. This overwhelming scene would give him a fine chance to do things: first, to represent a phosphorescent light from the body of the child; and second, to show off some foreshortened angels. Now as to these angels, I have simply to remark that I should prefer a seraph's head to his heels; and that a group of archangels, kicking from the canvas with such alarming vigor however much it may illustrate foreshortening, does not illustrate either glory to God in the highest, or peace on earth and good will to men. Therefore I have quarrelled with Correggio, as I always expected to do if he profaned the divine mysteries. How could any one, who had a soul to understand that most noble creation of Raphael, turn, the next moment, to admire this?"

RUBENS' DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.

Rubens' conception of John is that of a vigorous and plenary manhood, whose rush is like that of a torrent, in the very moment when his great heart is breaking. He had loved his Master with a love like an eternity; he had believed him; heart and soul, mind and strength—all had he given to that kingdom which he was to set up; and he had seen him die—die by lingering torture. And at this moment he feels it all. There is no Christ, no kingdom—nothing! All is over. "We trusted it had been he who should have redeemed Israel." With that miraculous, life-like power that only Rubens has, he shows him to us in this moment of suppressed agony; the blood choking his heart, the veins swollen, and every muscle quivering with the grief to which he will not give way. O, for this wonderful and deep conception, this almost divine insight into the mysteries of that hour, one might love Rubens. This picture can not be engraved. No engraving is more than a diagram, to show the places of the figures. For, besides its mesmeric life, which no artist can reproduce, there is a balancing of colors, a gorgeousness about it, as if he had learned coloring from the great Master himself. Even in the overpowering human effect of this piece, it is impossible not to perceive that every difficulty which artists vaunt themselves on vanquishing has in this piece been conquered with apparently instinctive ease, simply because it was habitual to do so, and without in the least distracting the attention from the great moral. Magical foreshortenings and wonderful effects of color appear to be purely incidental to the expression of a great idea. I left this painting as one should leave the work of a great religious master—thinking more of Jesus and of John than of Rubens."

THE PRIMROSE.

"We read much, among the poets, of the primrose,

'Earliest daughter of the Spring.'

This flower is one, also, which we cultivate in

gardens to some extent. The outline of it is as follows: The hue a delicate straw color; it grows in tufts in shady places, and has a pure, serious look, which reminds one of the line of Shakespeare—

"Pale primroses, which die unmarried."

It has also the faintest and most ethereal perfume,—a perfume that seems to come and go in the air like music; and you perceive it at a little distance from a tuft of them, when you would not if you gathered and smelled them. On the whole, the primrose is a poet's and a painter's flower. An artist's eye would notice an exquisite harmony between the yellow-green hue of its leaves and the tint of its blossoms. I do not wonder that it has been so great a favorite among the poets. It is just such a flower as Mozart and Raphael would have loved."

CRITICISM.

"Nothing seems to me so utterly without rule or compass as this world of art. Divided into little cliques, each with his shibboleth, artists excommunicate each other as heartily as theologians, and a neophyte who should attempt to make up a judgment by their help would be obliged to shift opinions with every circle."

"I therefore look with my own eyes, for if not the best that might be, they are the best that God has given me."

These volumes are finely printed and profusely illustrated with wood cuts by Billings from Mrs. Stowe's own sketches, many of which are remarkably spirited and interesting. Our readers will find this book a pleasant companion for a mountain tour or a summer day at the sea side.

Liturgy, or Book of Worship, for the use of the New Church signified by the New Jerusalem. Revised and published by order of the General Convention. Boston. Published for the Convention by Otis Clapp, 1854.

This volume contains the liturgy of what is commonly known as the Swedenborgian Church. After this follow "Selections and Chants," and "Anthems," occupying 250 pages of the volume. The music of each chant precedes the psalm for which it is written, on every page, and is conveniently arranged for the use of worshippers. The music printing was done by E. L. Balch at the office of the Journal of Music, and our readers will need no other assurance that it is done in the best style of the art. A collection of about one hundred hymns, completes the volume, which contains two hundred and fifty-five chants, and will be useful and acceptable to other churches than that for which it was compiled.

GRAND OPERA.—It is now positively announced that Grisi and Mario have closed a contract with Mr. Hackett, for a season of sixty-three nights, for the modest sum of \$95,000. As an earnest in this contract, Mr. Hackett deposited on the 1st of July the sum of \$50,000 in the hands of Baring, Bros & Co., London. Mr. Hackett says in a letter, that he has leased Castle Garden which is to be prepared and arranged for their performances, the first of which will commence on Monday, September 4; and that they will arrive in the Baltic about the 21st of August. The Baltic sailed for Liverpool on Saturday last, carrying a piano-forte made by Hall & Sons, for the use of the vocalists.

THE OPERA AT CASTLE GARDEN.—Verdi's *Luisa Miller*, his last production, has been brought out at Castle Garden, and appears to have given satisfaction to audiences and critics, though neither the opera nor the performers, so far as we can judge, have excited a positive enthusiasm. Every character is a leading one and its correct representation taxes the resources of the company not a little. The *Tribune* tells us that

"The Opera, all things considered, was a success. The singers were several times called before the curtain—the best signs and proofs. Mr. Maretzek led in person, and showed the utmost devotion to his laborious and intellectual duties."

And the *Courier and Enquirer*:

"*Louisa Miller* was performed last evening at Castle Garden for the first time in America, in a manner highly creditable to Mr. Maretzek and the artists engaged; indeed, we have rarely heard a first performance in which there was so much to approve and so little to condemn. The audience, which was quite numerous, listened always with interest, sometimes with admiration, and once or twice was moved to enthusiasm, the baritone and tenor being the fortunate artists on those occasions.

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Publishers, both at home and abroad, already feel the influence of this Instruction Book, and it has induced them to overhaul their old and long-forgotten "Methods," shake off the dust and disguise them in a modern suit, and present them to the present generation as something new. In fact, every work less than a hundred years old is now making its re-appearance.

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The Author, Mr. NATHAN RICHARDSON, has just returned from Europe, where he has met with the most flattering success with his Instruction Book, it having passed a critical examination by the most distinguished teachers, and been pronounced a great improvement upon all other methods by the highest authority of the old country.

Among the many Professors who examined this work, and gave their written recommendations, we will mention

JULIUS KNORR,

(well known in this country,) who admitted to the Author personally that there is no instruction book at the present day that will compare with the MODERN SCHOOL as regards true merit, and will answer so fully its purpose. He gave his written testimonial as follows:

After a careful examination of "The Modern School for the Piano-Forte," by Mr. Nathan Richardson, I am convinced that it presents a full and accurate compendium of all that is most essential to the acquirement of a good execution. It has, moreover, the merit of entire consistency in its system of fingering, which is occasionally new, but always thoroughly adapted to its end. The work cannot be sufficiently recommended, especially to those players who make virtuosity, or brilliant execution, one end of their studies. An interesting feature of the book will certainly be found by many in its anatomical descriptions of the bones, muscles, and ligaments of the hand. JULIUS KNORR.
Leipsic, April, 1854.

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